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AN

ODE

TO

Mr. *LEWIS HENDRIE*, &c. &c. &c.

Principal BEAR-KILLER

In the Metropolis of ENGLAND,

AND

Comb-Maker in Ordinary to His Majesty.

Βη δ'ὀγε Μαιναλιης ΑΡΚΤΟΣ θερος, αμφιτομοντε
Δεξιτερη παλλων πελεκυν μεγαν.——

Apoll. Rhod. l. 1. v. 168.

PRINTED IN THE YEAR, 1783;
FOR S. BLADON, PATER-NOSTER-ROW.

BRITISH MUSEUM

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Authorof the following Ode begs leave to aſſure the Public, that by chuſing Mr. LEWIS HENDRIE for his Hero, he does not intend to ſhew the ſlighteſt mark of diſreſpect, either to Mr. W. VICKERY, or to Mr. J. LITTLE, who are alſo BEAR-KILLERS by profeſſion in the City of London, but as he conceived that Mr. LEWIS HENDRIE was the great model on which they had formed themſelves, he thought the tribute due to the Original.-----I ſhall inſert part of Mr. Hendrie's Advertiſement, with which every faſhionable reader of taſte cannot but be acquainted.

" BEARS-GREASE. It's *ancient* uſe, known efficacy, and " eſtabliſhed reputation, *down to the preſent time*, &c. &c. " for ſtrengthening and thickening the hair, &c. *fully* " *proves* it's virtues, &c.

" LEWIS HENDRIE, Comb-Maker to his Majeſty, Shug-" Lane, Golden-Square, begs leave to acquaint the Nobility

" lity and Gentry, that he has ſeveral VERY LARGE FAT BEARS, " one of which he has juſt killed, and that ſuch as are pleaſed " to have any of the Greaſe, will either *call* or ſend their " ſervants to *ſee it cut off the Animal* *.----All Articles in " the perfumery Branch, &c. &c. * * Mr. Hendrie's Shop " is in the middle of SHUG-Lane, His MAJESTY's Arms over " the front, and a *prodigious large* ELEPHANT's Tooth over " the door."

* Hence the great propriety of my Motto from Apollonius.

PREFACE.

THOUGH we are moſt certainly fallen on evil days, and upon many evil tongues, yet ſome honeſt Poets are yet found who can diſtinguiſh genuine worth and excellence. I was particularly led to reflections of this kind, by reading a little Pamphlet in verſe entitled "*Sonnets to "Eminent Men*;" men, who ſhine as lights in *dark places*, ſuch as the Temple, the Univerſities of Oxford and Cambridge, and others which the reader's fancy may eaſily ſuggeſt to him. I know not how, but I was ſtrangely affected with that impulſe, which is known only to Poets in the hour of inſpiration.

I found there was ſcarce a ſpecies of eminence which had not been celebrated. There were Odes to General Murray, Odes to the Warlike Genius of Britain, Odes to the Admirals of Great Britain, Odes to Mr. Pinchbeck, Odes to Mr. Howard, and Odes to Mr. William Pitt. The names of mightieſt Poets ruſhed full upon me, with every worthy ſubject as worthily recorded. Mr. Maſon, in

his Ode to Mr. Pitt declared, that notwithſtanding the Linnet had not ſpirit enough, at the time he wrote, by reaſon of the very cold weather, "To wake, to warble, and to woo;"* yet he had, and therefore ſent forth his production to the great orator of the preſent age, to exhort him to imitate his Father. But as every one is ſo well acquainted with the merits of his *detached* † Odes, I ſhall dwell no longer on them.

Quidni et Ego?----Every one knows the impatience of an Author to ſeize a NEW ſubject; and the moment I perceived mine, I was abſolutely certain that no man ever had yet attempted, or probably would attempt it, in the wide range of poſſibility. I therefore, with profound humility and gratitude to Mr. Lewis Hendrie, &c. for his liberal communication of the unctuous fat of that hirſute animal the BEAR, according to the form preſcribed, and conſcious that my hair and head have been alike *thickened* by the application of it, dedicate to him this lyrical tribute. I am ſure the Ladies and all the Maſter-Miſſes of the kingdom will applaud my attempt in honour of the great beautifier of their perſons. That polite nation the Hottentots, if they underſtood Engliſh (which I am informed ſome already do by means of increaſing civilization) would be at the head of my Admirers, being profeſſed Patrons of *Greaſe*. And as by means of the preſent Peace, Commerce will be reſtored, I expect there will be great demands for this my Ode, in every part of the globe, where it's

* See the beginning of Mr. Maſon's Ode to the Rt. Hon. W. Pitt.

† It was not ſo, when he touched the true chords,—"Hail thou Harp of Phrygian frame."

it's merit can be felt, and the neceſſity of long and thick hair ſhall be found indiſpenſable.

I have but one thing to fear, which is this, that as my Ode is of the IRREGULAR kind, and has neither Strophe, Antiſtrophe, nor Epode to ſupport it, it will not be reliſhed among the higher claſſes of poetical readers. Mr. Maſon obſerves with infinite judgment, (and I quote the paſſage with infinite reluctance) "That the regular ſucceſſion of "Strophe, Antiſtrophe and Epode, put ſo ſtrong a curb on "the wayward imagination, that when ſhe has once *paced* * "in it, ſhe ſeldom chuſes to ſubmit to it a ſecond time. "'Tis therefore greatly to be wiſhed, in order to ſtifle in "their birth, *a quantity of compoſitions*, which are at the ſame "time wild and jejune, that *regular* Odes, and theſe only, "ſhould be deemed *legitimate* amongſt us §." Under the fulmen of this poetical excommunication and ſtatute of lyrical Baſtardy, I preſume to offer this Ode; and having urged the principal objections in Mr. Maſon's *own* words, in his *own* notes on Mr. Gray's Works, I think I have a right to much indulgence, beſides that which the originality of my ſubject naturally claims. Nay, if I could think of any other quotations from Biſhop Hurd, or any Author of the Warburtonian School, I proteſt I would inſert them: but the good nature of that amiable race, called Critics, will ſupply that deficiency.

Before

* Mr. Maſon has falſified his own doctrine; he *paces* and *paces* and *paces*, 'till he has no *pace* at all.

§ Maſon's Edition of Gray's Works, 8vo. vol. I. p. 137.

Before I conclude, I muſt juſt inform my Reader, that I have omitted many beautiful paſſages, which I had written in the true lyrical ſpirit, merely becauſe, upon a reviſal of them, I found *they were nothing to the purpoſe.* In this reſpect I look upon myſelf as an author, almoſt ſingular in the preſent age, as ſuch ſlight reaſons have ſeldom any weight with the fraternity, I mean with men who, (in the ingenious and very uſeful words of a very courageous Reviewer, Henry Maty, M. A.† &c. &c.) "Never aſk themſelves ſuch ſimple queſtions as theſe before they publiſh; What does this mean?---Does it mean any thing?---Does it not mean what I have ſaid before? &c. &c."

With confidence that the true *meaning* of my work will be reliſhed, and that every younger Profeſſor of the Art will imbibe the ſpirit of it, I cloſe my labours 'till I ſhall ſee an indiſpenſable neceſſity for another ſimilar compoſition.

Vale Lector et his Fruere.

† Maty's Review for June, 1782, p. 381.

Lincoln's Inn,
March 18, 1783.

ODE

O D E

To Mr. *LEWIS HENDRIE*, &c. &c.

NOT to the notes of Epic lyres,
Deep-founding o'er Caſtalia's ſtream,
Rouſe we (like Hayley * late) thoſe ancient fires
To chant ſome venerable theme.
Rapt in *the preſent Times* the Muſe begins,
Through urban walks her weary way ſhe wins;
All obvious, all obtruſive, there ſhe views
Whate'er from forth Earth's teeming womb
Starts to light from deepeſt gloom;
Whate'er each varied climate yields,
From plains aduſt, from verdant fields,
Or blooms to Heav'n's broad eye in many-tinctur'd hues.
Yet not to theſe we raiſe the ſtrain,
Themes like theſe muſt ſound in vain.

* See his Quarto Eſſay on Epic Poetry, which may be read at pleaſure.—As many preſent writers ſtrive *how much* they can poſſibly put together, I entertain ſanguine hopes, that we may ſoon be favoured with the three volumes of Abbé du Bos, on Poetry, &c. &c. *done into Engliſh verſe.*

Nor ſhall my glowing pencil trace
" A GRAHAM's fire, a TRUSLER's grace *,"
Nor where, in mercy to mankind,
In more than ten-fold darkneſs blind,
With viſage ſolemn, warm, benign,
Monarch of Sages, moral and divine;
Grand KATTERFELTO, with majeſtic ſway,
Pours through his optic tube reſiſtleſs day,
And bids the world adore,
At wonders wondrous-deep, now wonder'd at no more.
Nor ſhall I ſing of the rhetoric fane,
Where SHERIDAN † now holds his awful reign,
And teaches Prieſts to read with emphaſis---in vain ‡.

* As I always deſire to acknowledge my literary obligations, (and wiſh all authors would do the ſame) I muſt declare this verſe is borrowed from an Ode or Sonnet to ſome *eminent man* or other I remember to have read, though the compoſer of it was anonymous.—The Reverend Dr. Truſler, of polite ſermonic fame, is well known; and Dr. Graham, whom, as he is now ſinking into oblivion, I juſt mention.

Nos juvenem exanimum, et *nil jam cœleſtibus ullis*
Debentem, vano mœſti comitamur honore.

† This uſeful man is very tolerable, except when he *acts Cato*, and gives advice to the public about education. He has diſcovered, with wonderful ſagacity, in his late ſhort Addreſs to the Public, price 6d. that " the *only poſts* which they, who have paſſed through " an entire courſe of *Engliſh Education*, are qualified to occupy, are thoſe of a *ſchool-* " *maſter*, a *Fellow of a College*, or a *private tutor*." page 2. Such, however, muſt always be the obſervations of any Pretender, *ad pugnam qui rhetoricâ deſcendit at umbrâ*. But he has given us his SON, who more than repays all.

‡ My Ode is perfectly lyrical thus far, inaſmuch as it informs the reader of what the Poet does

Me to themes as yet untried,
To Lyric meaſures unallied,
A great original invites:
No borrowed verſe-worn ſubject I,
With meaner earth-born Poets try,
I ſoar to *new* delights.
Roll, ye myſtic numbers, roll
In rapt'rous tides o'er HENDRIE's ſoul!
LEWIS, to the ſtrains belong,
LEWIS, no name unknown to ſong;
Though now to Britiſh accents firſt attun'd,
Yet oft at that high name each Gallic Muſe has ſwoon'd.
Vain is the fame Alcmena's Son
Erſt from Lernœan trophies won;
The Boar he ſlew; he ſtripp'd the hide:
But to ſeize the better part
Is the praiſe of HENDRIE's art,
To Hercules denied.

does not intend to ſing, to beget an awful attention to what he does intend, as ſoon as ever he unfolds the ſecret. This ſhould be attended to.—Begin with *Quem Virum aut Heroa*, and then mention all you can think of but your own hero, who comes in to infinite advantage in the back ground, by a ſort of *gout de comparaiſon*. There are alſo other models, for which ſee the critics.

HENDRIE, alike the praiſe is thine,
The high ingredients to prepare
That line with unctuous fat the ſhaggy Bear,
Of deep-condenſing night, and eſſence all divine.
Ah! heedleſs Beaſts!* unknowing of their date,
Doom'd to an early fate!
All in the confines of a foreign land,
Without one foſtering hand.
Far from their natal climate frore,
On Norway's bleak domain,
Or where Canadian torrents roar
Headlong down the cliffs amain.
See where the friſking pairs, ſo blithe and ſnug,
Dance in their darkſome dens, i'th' inmoſt lane of---†SHUG!
When lo, thy ſtern uplifted knife
Cuts the reluctant bands of urſine life,
Ah ſee!---they growl---they die.

* This pathetic lamentation over the poor beaſts will be univerſally felt as it *comes home to men's boſoms*. Mr. Hendrie is very humane; he, like the laws of England, inflicts nothing but the ſimple deprivation of life, whereas by others (to uſe Mr. Soame Jenyns's words,) "the ſluggiſh BEAR, *in contradiction to his nature*, is taught to *dance*, &c." See the ſecond of his eight diſquiſitions, almoſt the only one which is not *pre-exiſtent* to common ſenſe.

† It is to be remembered that Mr. Hendrie keeps his *Menagerie* in Shug-Lane.

Change

Change we now the mournful theme----
And in the maze of ſome politic dream,
Be it the Muſe's care to read
Thy curious craft with deepeſt meaning fraught,
More ſubtile than the Brachman's creed
On India's coaſt mid ſilks and cotton * wrought.

Come, HENDRIE, try by bleſt regeneration,
Repair this war-thinn'd land with new ſalvation;
And while Britannia rends her locks,
Drooping o'er her chalky rocks,
Give vigour to her race divine,
And bid her once again in numerous offspring ſhine.
From random teeth by Jaſon flung,
Giant harveſts once upſprung,
In fierce tremendous ſtrife;
HENDRIE, with more prolific power,
Prepare in this our needful hour
AN OINTMENT OF POLITIC LIFE. †

* This is an Image truly poetical, uncommon and unexpected, moving the gentle Reader with *vaſt ſurpriſe*, which is the true intent of an Ode.

† As Mr. HENDRIE's Unction is only intended to *thicken the hair*, I here purpoſe to his conſideration one of rather more importance, though I ſpeak with diffidence, ſurrounded by ſuch

Come, then, my Genius, HENDRIE, come along,
Thou maſter of the Bear, and of the Song: *
Hie thee to Stephen's wild diſtracted dome,
Call each member from his home:
Then take ſome Sybill, matron ſage,
That can quell their fierceſt rage,
And bind each Beaſt § by charming ſpell,
And their ſeparate virtues tell;
From them the choice ingredients take,
While every charm-bound beaſt ſcarce dares on bench to quake.
See they ſit in order meet
Of Animals a band compleat;
Of various voices, various cries,
Various tempers, various ſize;
Though hardly of ſeptennial life,
Still they breathe alone in ſtrife.

Take

ſuch Beings, as I daily ſee. —— However all *compoſitions* ſhould have the public good in view, from Mr. Hendrie's Bear's Greaſe to my Ode, or Mr. Maſon's to Mr. W. Pitt. Niſi *utile* eſt quod facias, ſtulta eſt gloria.

* I leave the candid Reader to determine whoſe works are of more importance to the world, Lord Bolingbroke's or Mr. Hendrie's: the propriety of my paraphraſe will then be evident.

§ "If I but wave this wand
"Your nerves are all chain'd up." Comus.

This would be vaſtly uſeful in the H. of C——s, when a miniſter was at a pinch.

Take from F—x, his ſtrength of lung,
Bred on democratic dung,
Snuff'd by many a gaping croud,
Subtile, ſelfiſh, bold and loud,
Catch it, ere to earth it fall,
Loſt in Weſtminſter's wide Hall:
Take from the broad-mouth'd deep D-nd-ſs,
Something to lubricate the maſs,
A pliant muſcle here and there,
That bends and moves by Scottiſh care:
In midſt of a rhetoric hum,
Take a fair ſlice of N--th's fat b--m, *
A goodly miniſterial lard,
That can with influence, temper'd-hard,
In monſtrous coalition bind
Tories before and Whigs behind:
To make the mixture foam and work,
Take froth and fume from angry B--ke:

Then

* As my Lord N--th's B—m is the only *indelicate Image* in my whole Ode, (notwithſtanding the nature of the ſubject) I hope it will be excuſed by ſome, and by others admired: eſpecially from the abſolute neceſſity of it in the preſent juncture. — My Muſe profeſſes *to be* "*rapt in the preſent times.*" (See the beginning of the Ode."

Then the Ointment well dilute
With eſſence of each Proſtitute, *
That linked move in venal pairs,
Swans or geeſe, or bulls or bears;
While each animal's ferocity
Is ſooth'd by ſtrangeſt *reciprocity*.
Come, HENDRIE, fill, nay fill it up,
And caſt into the fertile cup
Some patriot drops ſo thin and rare,
They vaniſh, ere perceiv'd, in air.
Spread the compoſt o'er the land,
While Veſtina's roſy wand
Waving o'er thy favour'd head,
Fecundates the *cæleſtial bed*.
See, the ſeeds fermenting riſe
In bold protruſion to the ſkies:
Not thicker Ophiuſa's Iſle,
Nor the once-fam'd fertile ſoil
Bedropt with dire Gorgonian blood, ‡
Swarm'd with the teeming monſter-brood:

Come,

* If I were to inſert every character in the H. of C——s, and of L-rds, Homer's Catalogue would vaniſh in reſpect to mine. An amuſing parallel might be made, ſubſtituting how many *Votes* each Hero could furniſh inſtead of *Ships*. (v) For inſtance, B-mb-r G-ſc-yne led the *Bœotians*, and he furniſhed ſo many, &c. &c. I wiſh this hint were to be improved. I only inſert a ſpecimen.

‡ I think I remember ſome paſſage like this in Milton's Par. L. but perhaps the Reader will be more pleaſed to ſhew his own learning by diſcovering it himſelf.

(v) *But no one will ever forget* SIR JAMES LOWTHER: Methought at HIS Propoſal,

Ενδεκησαν Αθηναιη τε και Ηρη
Τιμωσαι Βασιληα ΠΟΛΥΧΡΥΣΟΙΟ Μυκηνης. IL. xi.

Come pour the mixture, nothing loath,
A bubbling Senatorial broth,
With every virtue full infus'd,
In prolific tinctures us'd:
From Calpè's fulminating rock
Fearleſs of th' Iberian ſhock,
To deſert Thulè's fartheſt beach
Let it's potent influence reach;
Till Britain's force be felt in armed pride,
With Men, with Birds, with Beaſts, Beans, Aſſes, Owls ſup-
plied!

And thus, my HENDRIE, when thy toils are o'er,
And in the public page thy name is read no more;
To Thee Poſterity ſhall raiſe
The votive tablet, and with emblems new
Grave on the ſtone with honour due,
Some brief memorial from my friendly lays,
The ſcanty tribute of mere mortal praiſe.
Yet not to earth confin'd in vain,
And this dark ſpot, thy towering fame aſcends
High in the regions of yon ſpangled plain:

Lo, each propitious ſtar
Joins ſympathetic with the conſcious BEAR;
See where at thy approach * he bends
His ſhaggy head with many a gambol gay,
To Thee and J-hnſ-n pointing forth the way,
J-hnſ-n † who plods his wordy path along,
Of urſine manners rude and ſtrong:
Then may ye mount in that auſpicious hour,
Beyond the reach of fate's controuling pow'r,
There may ye both, a Pair immortal, ſhine,
HE in the griſly tail, THOU in the unctuous chine. §

11 : 7 : 49.

* Ipſe tibi jam brachia contrahit ardens
Scorpius, et cœli juſtâ plus parte reliquit. VIRG.

† Mr. Hendrie may probably chuſe to put the Dr. in his *Menagerie* a little before this period: but perhaps he, like other Maſters of modern Academies, admits a limited number only.

§ No Ode can conclude higher than with the *Apotheoſis* of the Hero, the great idea is compleat, and the ſolemn rhyme is cloſed with equal ſatisfaction to the Poet and the Reader.

F I N I S.